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chance." The "Courier" man arose. "I must be off now."

"Wait a moment." The lawyer stepped into his consultation room, and Phil heard a few words spoken in a low tone. Then Morden came back, his hat in hand. "I'll walk a short distance with you," he said.

They sauntered down the street leisurely, discussing personal matters of interest to them both, but after a few blocks had been passed they shook hands and parted.

"Don't let the fox dodge you," said Morden.

As Elmore turned away, his elbow struck a man who had stopped close beside them, ostensibly to inspect a show window, but Phil murmured a hasty apology and walked on down the street. He did not hurry. He had plenty of time, and the roar of State Street was music to him; the glare of the thousands of electric lights pleased him; even the tinny notes of the "Amusement Parlor" phonographs brought a smile to his lips as he passed. At Van Buren Street a train on the elevated clattered across overhead and a moment later swung around into Wabash Street. Beside the curb a detachment of the Salvation Army knelt in the dirt, while one of the women sang a sacred